❖The Mat-Su Monitor❖

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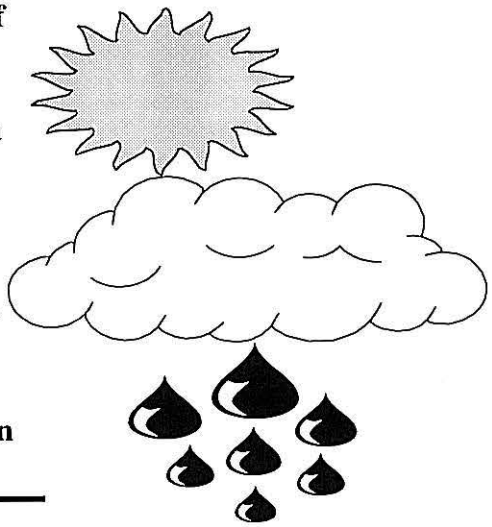
Summertime in the Mat-Su Valley

It's summertime! That time of year in which all of us can't wait until it starts, then in a flash it's gone. Here in Alaska we have to take advantage of the summer season without haste. We don't have much time to waste. If you stay indoors because it's cloudy, or raining, or windy, you might just miss it. So, get out there and enjoy! When you're not in class, that is.



NATURE TRAIL

Have you ever wondered why the ground in Alaska is so rocky? If you've ever attempted to work the soil for a garden you probably became frustrated. Our soil consists mostly of sand, gravel, and rocks. This is because, millions of years ago, glaciers covered Alaska. As glaciers slowly move they pluck out chunks of, and abrade the ground they travel over. The pieces are then deposited as the glacier melts. This and other evidence of how glaciers transformed our land can be observed from our very own Mat-Su College Nature Trail.

The Mat-Su College Nature Trail consists of almost two miles of paths. It is designed to attract both leisurely strollers and vigorous exercisers. There are four possible combinations, each one having a short cut back to campus if you get tired. Some of the views include Pioneer Peak, Knik Glacier, Lazy Mountain, Beyers Peak, and Bodenburg Butte. Various foliage are identified and soil pits display Alaska's soil structure. Okenson Pond is a short easy walk from Snodgrass Hall. There is also an experimental farm where different types of trees are planted. *con't on page 3*

WRITERS NEEDED

The Mat-Su Monitor needs you !

Your student newspaper wants your input. If you want to be a writer, want to see your name in a byline, or just love to write the Mat-Su Monitor could be the place for you.
Writing for your student paper is a good way to start a literary career. It's a place to get your feet wet, get the feel of what might be waiting for you in the future. But even if you aren't interested in a career in the field of writing, let's face it, everyone has an interesting story to tell, an opinion to state. Probably several opinions if I know college students.

Once you do write for the newspaper I promise I will not bug you for more --well maybe just a little bit. But there's no pressure here. If you don't want to write anymore all you have to do is say so and you're off the hook. And of course you can remain anonymous if you choose.

No matter how insignificant or "silly" you may feel your thoughts are others might find them fascinating, entertaining, or even brilliant. So just drop that thought off in the student newspaper mailbox, which is located across from the bookstore, and who knows you may find yourself embarking on an exciting literary journey.

-Kathleen Murphy--Editor

MOVING RIGHT ALONG !

By Kathleen Murphy

The Physical Plant Coordinator, Eric Blomskeg, was kind enough to give me a tour of the new building the other day. I must say it is shaping up nicely. The building, which covers about 33,000 square feet, holds three rooms that have the capability of being computer labs; three art rooms with wonderful modern equipment; a day-care center with a baby room off to one side; and various new offices for our councilors, financial aid administrator, and other campus staff. There will be a new registration area that will make registering for classes a smoother process (Jim Gonski has held a couple of meetings pertaining to what will replace the current registration desk, but as of yet nothing has been determined).

The inside of our new building may be looking good, with new carpeting and eye pleasing designs on the hall-way walls, but the outside still looks a bit shabby. And its going to stay that way, at least for a while. As you have probably heard we ran out of money. As a result the outside of the building will remain as is--for now. No paint will adorn it's outer surface and no landscaping will surround it. The covered walk-way connecting it to Snodgrass Hall will only be finished with metal frame work; the roof and the floor will not be finished.

The building will definitely not open this fall. However the heat will be on to prevent the pipes from cracking in the winter. It will be maintained at around 45 degrees--with a heating bill cost of over $2,000. The good news is we will get our parking lot back this fall.

Did you know how we got the funds for this addition in the first place? Our student government traveled to Juneau for three or four consecutive years and lobbied for the money to build it. We knew when we received funding that not enough was allocated to finish the project. It seems we are approximately two million short. One wonders if our student government will have to appeal to our state legislators again for funds to finish the job. It's a shame to see our building standing like an empty shell. Rumor has it , however, that we will be using it in the fall of "95". Let's hope so.

FALL SEMESTER BEGINS; MONDAY, AUGUST 29

If you want to get your books early the bookstore will be open on the following dates;

Friday, August 12 .....9:00am-7:30pm

Monday, August 15.....9:00am-7:30pm

Tuesday, August 16.....9:00am-7:30pm

SUMMER STAFF MEMBERS OF THE MAT-SU MONITOR

Kathleen M. Murphy--Editor
Carolyn Long--Co-Editor
Bryan Spangler--Staff Secretary
K. J. Stevens, Jeani May--Guest Columnists

The Mat-Su Monitor welcomes letters to the editor as well as guest columnists. Please see personel in the Student Government Office for more information or drop material in our mail box at the College or mail to PO Box 2889, Palmer, Ak., 99645.

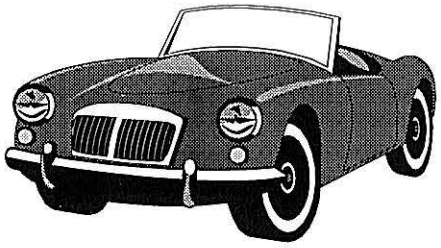
REAR VIEW MIRROR

By Kathleen Murphy

So, you're on your way to school. You're clipping along at a fairly steady speed, traveling with the flow of traffic. You glance in your rear view mirror, as all good drivers do every so often, and you see a stranger's unhappy face in your back seat. Then you realize, that face is not in your back seat, it's in the car behind you. The car that's traveling so close you feel it could be somehow attached to your bumper. What do you do? Do you speed up to try and accommodate "grumpy?" Do you slow down hoping the person will pass you? Do you hit your brakes in an attempt to annoy him? or give the one finger wave? You could flip up your rear view mirror and try to ignore the situation, or pull over to let him pass.

Cars are so impersonal. As soon as we enter one of the unfeeling, metal contraptions and take off in a rush to our destination, we seem to absorb that cold and impersonal state. We get annoyed with the old lady going too slow, who at other times might be the sweet little lady who reminds us of grandma. We feel aggravated by the tailgater whom we thought to be quite attractive at the store yesterday. They're not so attractive when frowning in your rear view mirror. We jostle for position at merging lanes. We get upset with the person who drives too slow to "make the light." Then, after all this, we finally make it to class, late, on test day. So we find ourselves rushing to class.

Next time you look in your mirror and see that clump of plastic and steel attached to your tailpipe, and no matter how many curves you make, or how much you speed up, you can't seem to shake it off. Try to stay calm, look out at the mountains and the sky all around us, take a deep breath and enjoy the beauty of our land, or before you know it, in a rush, life will pass you by.



TRAIL

The Mat-Su Nature Trail has been a part of the campus since 1983. Last year a refurbishing crew (Roger Gossett, Jason Crockett, Cynthia Wing, and Zulie Mason) worked hard at making our trail a better place for us to enjoy--and they did a great job! This year it is maintained by the Physical Plant which includes; Eric Blomskeg, Joe Muth, Mike Kelley, and Roger Gossett.

Access to the trail can be obtained either behind Snodgrass Hall or from the new parking area located next to the new building-still under construction.

If you find yourself on campus with some time between classes, remember our nature trails they are here for us to enjoy.

POET'S CORNER

LOVE

Love is...
Two people together planning a life forever.
Love is...
A smile when there's nothing to say,
A gentle touch when things look grey.
Love is...
Showing that you care and planning dreams to share
Love is...
Saying the right things at the right time,
Being together in times of need.
Love is..
Just being yourself and not someone else.

–K. J. Stevens

LIFESTYLES

A MOTHER'S DAY

By Jeani May

I sat in the kitchen sipping my morning tea reflecting on the things I needed to do that day. I was arranging a list in my head and decided I 'd better get paper and write it down or I'd never remember everything.

I looked around at the table and for the first time that morning noticed the sunlight streaming across my carefully arranged centerpiece. The flowers in the centerpiece almost looked real except when compared to the poor, neglected, wilting plants on my shelves just a few feet away in the shadows.

I surveyed the table seeing only remnants of my three active children; there were the empty cereal bowls with a few soggy Cheerios (still floating!) and waiting to be eaten. Around them lay the bread crumbs from last night's bedtime toast. I decided to look under a wrinkled, sticky towel across from me and found a pile of scattered papers that were waiting to be "filed." I noticed the pink tip of a pencil peeking out from below them. I grabbed for it. It didn't budge. I moved a few of my never-ending bills aside and cringed at what I found.

The pencil, and several papers at the bottom of the innocent looking pile were covered in bright red (probably cherry) Kool-Aid and seemingly permanently affixed to the table. I picked up the towel and quickly covered it back up. Not that it matched anything. It was just difficult to distinguish one from the other under the piles of dirty dishes and "important" unread papers that my children had dutifully brought home and handed to me.

I stood up and stepped into a nice smooth pile of butter that someone had lovingly left for me on the floor beside the chair.

I limped to the sink, toes skyward, so as not to leave butter-prints on my clean floor I had washed just two weeks before. Searching for a washrag I moved last night's dinner plates with the hardened spaghetti on then and peered into the murky water. I removed several glasses, some empty, some still half full of that damned Cherry Kool-Aid. Below then I found a lid and beneath that was a pot. Without thinking I lifted the lid. The foul smell of what lay within permeated the entire room and almost knocked me over as I balanced there, toes upward, golden and slimy.

I didn't know what had been in the pot, the point of recognition having long since past, and briefly pondered its origin. Wiggling my toes, (and actually starting to enjoy the feeling), I covered the pot, pushed the glasses back into their resting place atop it, and decided that any washrag in there would be in worse shape than my toes. I opened the drawer where I keep my towels neatly folded and stacked, pulled one out, wiped my toes, and tossed it into the corner to pick up later. Next, I approached my desk, cautiously at first, and started shuffling through the various schedules, permission slips, Barbie clothes, expired coupons, a half eaten green bologna sandwich, report cards, carefully clipped newspaper articles I wanted to read, and field trip notices dated November 1992.

I saw my typewriter, buried and forgotten, and reminded myself to buy a cover for it so it wouldn't get dirt in the keys. In the second drawer of my desk, behind the gourmet recipes and under the overdue library book entitled "How to Organize Your Life in Seven Easy Steps", I found a pen. Happily I grabbed it, scribbled on something, and found that it worked! I carefully chose a piece of paper that I didn't think I needed any longer and sat down at the table.

Wiping the crumbs to clear a spot I positioned my paper in that way that left-handers do and poised my pen. I took a sip of my cold tea and tried to think of what I had to do that day.

I looked at the flowers on the table and the ray of sunlight drew my eye outside. The sun was out, the sky was blue, and I could hear the sounds of chirping birds and mowing grass. The sweet smell of summer beckoned me.

Suddenly I couldn't think of a single thing I needed to do that day so I went out on the deck and spent the rest of the day lounging in the sun.

THIS MONTH'S RECIPE

Salmon Broccoli Casserole

Salmon, cut in cubes
1 bunch fresh broccoli
2 cans cream of celery soup
1 cup mayo (try light)
1 tsp. curry powder

Place broccoli in bottom of 13x9 pan. Mix soup, mayo, and curry. Pour over broccoli. Place salmon chunks on top and poke into soup mixture. Bake at 350 for 30 minutes. Serve over noodles (try fettuccine).